

The Mercury.

Local Matters.

Public School Increase.

The public schools show a large increase in enrollment over last year. The total number enrolled this year is 3789. At the same date last year the number was 3549. The number in the Rogers High School this year is 608 as against 578 last year. The total number of new pupils issued this year to date is 608 as against 517 last year. There is no case of contagious or infectious disease in the city to keep pupils from either the public or private schools. The school year has opened in a very successful manner. The large number of pupils show the need of the new school building being erected on Mary Street, and will also make it imperative that additional rooms be made to many of the present buildings at an early date.

Grandson of U. S. Senator Clark.

Gerald Clarke Kling, 6 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter Kling and grandson of ex-United States Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, died at the home of his parents, Zabriskie House, this city, Saturday afternoon at 11:30 after an illness lasting six weeks ago, when he was removed to the Newport Hospital. Three days later he underwent an operation for appendicitis. This was followed by six other operations. Drs. Stewart, Boston and Anderson of this city and specialists from New York, Boston and elsewhere were engaged in efforts to save his life.

St. George's School.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees of St. George's School, held Monday Bishop James DeWolf Perry, Jr., was again elected President of the school; Rev. John B. Diman was elected headmaster; Edward Starvovant, Secretary, and the board of trustees is made up of George Gordon King, Frederick Rhineland King and Samuel P. Bush. The school opened Wednesday with a full complement of students. This is a very flourishing institution. It is one of the best conducted schools in the country.

Sale of Engine Houses.

Next week, Wednesday and Thursday, the city will sell at auction all its engine houses and the land on which they stand. On Wednesday No. 2 Engine house on Bridge street; Hook and Ladder house on Long Wharf and No. 1 Engine house on Mill street will be sold, and on Thursday No. 8 Engine house on Prospect Hill street and the Engine house on lower Thames street will be sold. This property will not bring much of a price probably. The city has been put to a vast expense altering over its department. Query: will it be any better?

Miss Ella Augusta Smith daughter of Samuel and Sarah A. Smith died in Howard, R. I., on the 27th inst. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. George V. Dicky of this city. The hymns "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee" were sung. Miss Smith was born in the old Smith homestead on Bridge Street, but had not resided here for the past thirty years. She is survived by two sisters Mrs. George Read and Mrs. Annie Randall.

Mr. and Mrs. Pardon S. Kaull who have been spending considerable of the summer here started for their home in St. Louis yesterday morning. They are going all the way in their automobile and expect to be some ten days on their journey. Mr. Kaull is taking an active interest in Missouri politics, and predicts that the next governor of that State will be a republican.

United States navy is now being supplied with a 21-inch turbine torpedo made at the Newport Torpedo Station which has 12,000-yard range with a speed of nearly 36 knots. They are being made cheaper than this government ever was able to purchase them abroad by at least \$1000 each, says an exchange.

Mr. Leon Gibbs Smith son of photographer Smith of this city was married on Friday of last week to Miss Pauline Cozzens Burnell of Westbrook Maine.

It has been the hottest September in many years. If we could have had the September weather in July and August it would have been worth good money to Newport.

Mr. A. H. Sanborn of the MERCURY with his wife and little girl is spending a two weeks vacation among the mountains of New Hampshire.

Murders and fatal accidents have been altogether too numerous in this vicinity during the last few weeks.

Improvements Planned

The New York Yacht Club property on Kinsley's Wharf is to be sold at auction to settle the title; Robert Goelet, one of the heirs of Austin Goelet, who own the property, has filed a petition in the Superior Court of Newport county asking the court for a decree ordering the property to be sold. The proceeds of the sale are to be divided among the numerous heirs who live widely apart in this country and Europe.

The yacht club is planning extensive improvements, one of which will be the building of the wharf to the harbor line. The sale will enable the club to buy the property, which has been leased from the heirs of Austin Goelet. Robert Goelet owns one-third of the property.

The lecture of ex-Gov. Charles Warren Lippitt at the State House at 4 P. M. today, Saturday, on the Battle of Rhode Island will be well worth hearing. It is without doubt the best description of that red hot Revolutionary fight ever written. The lecture is under the auspices of the Newport Historical Society and is free to all.

Board of Aldermen.

The meeting of the Board Thursday night was not a lengthy one, but somewhat lively while it lasted. The Chief Engineer of the Fire Department was ordered to have all the hose, some 12,000 feet tested at once. The Newport Golf Club sent in a petition to have the road in the vicinity of the club repaired. Aldermen Leddy wanted the remainder of the appropriation for side walks spent in his ward. This caused considerable discussion and the matter went over to a special meeting next Monday night as did also the request of Rev. Dr. Roderick Tarry for sewer connection. The regular monthly payroll bills were approved and ordered paid.

To Prevent Trespassing.

It appears that all the talk of a woman spy with Nicholas Card visiting Rose Island was somewhat of a fancy dream on the part of some one. Commander Robinson now claims that the department took no stock in the spy business, and the woman in the boat with Card is of no consequence to the department. The prosecution of Card is more to keep trespassers from the island in the future. The publicity given to the Card case will probably accomplish that result.

An alarm of fire early Thursday morning from box 326, brought almost the entire department to the scene. The fire was in the kitchen of Cassin's restaurant on Thames Street, and was caused by grease catching fire. There was a lively fire for a short time but it was soon subdued. The loss was chiefly confined to the kitchen which was put out of business for a time.

The voting lists of Newport which are now being printed at the MERCURY office show a larger number of tax payers than ever before. The registry voters are considerably less in number than last year. As there is no State election this fall, there was very little inducement for the non tax payers to register.

Gov. Beekman entertained the Republican State Central Committee at his residence on Tuesday. There were some twenty members of the committee present. Various matters of importance to be taken up at the coming session of the General Assembly were talked over.

Councilman John J. Peckham believes in taking time by the forelock. His papers for alderman are out and are being numerous signed, there are said to be nearly five hundred signatures already. John J. is a hustler when he gets started.

Better retain one of the old steam fire engines and station it permanently at the city dump at Halsey street. That would save a still or box alarm every other day and also save the wear and tear of the apparatus.

Reports are in circulation that there will be three candidates for Mayor in the field this fall. It is very certain that there will be no lack of candidates for any of the city offices.

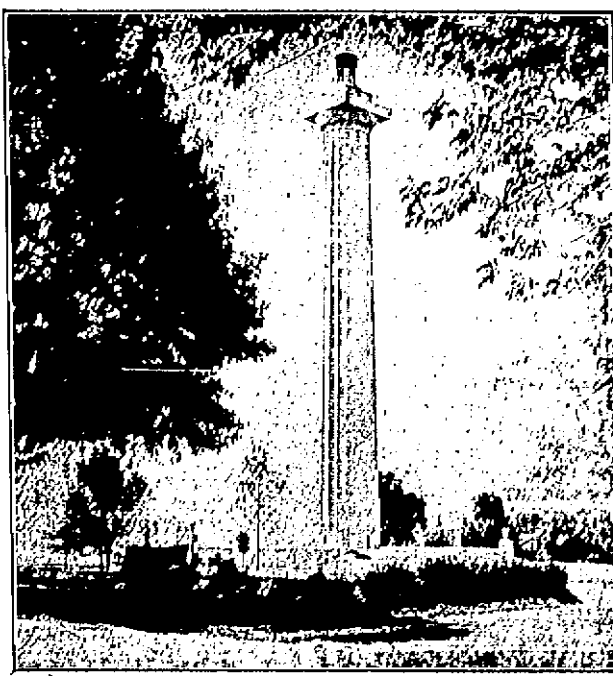
Many of our summer colony will remain here till late in the fall. The Newport season of 1915 cannot be said to be at an end by several months yet.

The Newport City election is only two months away. The numerous candidates are getting on the political harness for the campaign.

Ex Mayor Boyle denies the rumor that has been widely circulated that he is to run for alderman from the third ward this fall.

John A. Murphy Jr. and Ernest T. Voigt will be two Newport boys to be examined for admission to the bar, next week.

The Perry Memorial.



The above is a good picture of the monument erected to the memory of Com. Oliver Hazard Perry and the men who fought the Battle of Lake Erie Sept. 10, 1813, as it now appears on Put-In-Bay Island, in Lake Erie. The work is finished with the exception of the floor on the terrace and the parking of the grounds. This column which is said to be the finest of its kind in the world, is 317 feet high from its base to the bronze tripod on top. This tripod is 25 feet high making a total height of 342 feet. The diameter of the tripod is 18 feet in which is the largest oval glass over cast. The diameter of the column at its base is 45 feet and at the top 25 feet 6 inches. The interior diameter of the rotunda is 25 feet, in which is to be placed a bronze statue of Com. Perry; and the abacus at the top is 48 feet. The esplanade of the terrace is 218 feet long and 160 feet wide with 12 stone steps leading to it. The four granite urns at the four corners of the terrace, which are a beautiful piece of carving, are 7 feet high and 5 feet in diameter at the top. The monument is built of pink Milford granite from Milford, Mass. It is lighted at the top inside the oval glass with 60 sixty Watt Mazda Tungsten lamps. The elevator, which carries visitors to the top, where one of the finest views in the world is obtained, is a high traction Otis machine with an automatic cushion and Burdett-Rowntree safety device. Nearly 20,000 people have gone up that elevator this summer. The entire cost of the monument with the land, etc., is near three-quarters of a million of dollars. The corner stone was laid July 4, 1913, and the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie was celebrated September 10, 1913.

Newport County Fair.

Many Splendid Exhibits—Hundreds of Stands Refused Admittance to the Fair for Lack of Room—The Rain on Tuesday Interfered with the Attendance During the Afternoon—Grounds Covered with a Great Variety of Booths—Fakers Predominate on Midway.

Tuesday marked the opening of the eighteenth annual fair by the Newport County Agricultural Society. The attendance was not as large as was anticipated on account of the heavy rain during the early part of the afternoon. For several hours the rain fell in torrents and to many on the grounds, it seemed as if it never rained harder. The grounds were soft and muddy, and this made walking very disagreeable. Work on many booths was interrupted by the rain and it was late in the afternoon before the larger number of the stands were in readiness for visitors.

On entering the ground one passes through the midway and in the evening it is a very attractive sight being brilliantly lighted. So widely advertised has been this fair from year to year that over two hundred fakers, were refused admission to the grounds this year. The management is obliged to limit the number of fakers, so the Fair will be conducted in a proper manner, and the midway not be overcrowded. Besides the refusal of two hundred booths on the ground over one hundred more were refused admission in the annex building, so it can readily be seen that this organization has turned away many thousands of dollars in order to have the Fair up to the high standard of former years, and they realized this could not be done if they allowed an overcrowding of booths and fakers.

Twelve acres more of land were added to the grounds last year and probably before many more years have passed additional ground will have to be purchased.

The new building on the north of the grounds was used exclusively for fruit and vegetables. The vegetables were unusually fine, being much ahead of last year's. There was a very large display of every variety and the building which is 35x90, was completely filled, there being no available space for other entries. A word must be said in regard to the fruit exhibits. While not quite as large as last year, there was a splendid showing, and much praise was heard for so many splendid entries, as the season had not been as favorable for fruit as other years.

Despite the fact that it had been generally reported that there would be no exhibit of cattle, sheep or swine, there was a splendid display of cattle. The entries were not as many as former years, yet the fine display was a pleasant surprise to everyone, as at many

of the fairs in other places this exhibit was not to be found this year. The sheep and swine entries outnumbered last year's.

The poultry show attracted a great deal of attention and was much larger than last year. Mr. Edgar S. Phelps of State Hill had a splendid exhibit of bantams and Mr. Roy H. Beattie, of Tiverton, had an unusually large exhibit of turkeys and fowls of all kinds.

Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman, president of the Fair, was kept very busy throughout the entire week and found very few idle moments. When not answering the telephone he was attending to the many wants of the people.

There was a beautiful display of flowers of all varieties, palms, and potted plants. About one hundred more entries were to be found than last year. Tuesday afternoon the football game, arranged between the Rogers High School and the Technical High School was postponed on account of the storm, and it was found impossible to have the game any other day of the Fair. The Seventh Band, Coast Artillery Corps, played the afternoon concert indoors, as the grounds were too wet for them to play outside. In the evening the attraction was the one step contest. There were ten couples, and finally all but two couples were eliminated. This left Miss Esther Sweeney and Mr. Michael Cullihane and Miss Vera Ackers and Mr. James Martland. The judges finally decided in favor of Miss Sweeney and Mr. Cullihane, the same couple who won the prize last year at the Fair. The prize was \$5 in gold.

Wednesday the weather was clear and cold, but this did not interfere with the attendance, and as early as ten o'clock in the morning people were boarding the cars on their way to the Fair grounds. The feature of the day was the horse show. Mr. Ernst Voigt's Black Beauty seemed to do most everything but talk, and Mr. Voigt must well be proud of this fine animal. People did not realize that any horse in this vicinity could perform the stunts that Black Beauty went through with and the applause he received was deafening, and Mr. Voigt was being congratulated on every side for the patience and skill he had in training his horse to perform in the manner he did at the Fair.

The show began at 2 o'clock with the grounds filled with visitors. The first class had six entries of ponies. The first prize was won by G. D. Flynn of Fall River with his Dillian O. K. Philip Caswell's Rosedale Jack, blk. g. and Rosedale Jill, blk. m. won second and third respectively. Sarah Sisson's Bonnie Jack blk. g. won the fourth.

Mr. Ernst Voigt's handsome pair of black working horses took first in the class for farm horses shown in harness and Joseph Silvia took second with his gray.

Ernst Voigt's chief Redskin was the

only entry in the class for stallions suitable to heavy harness.

The draft horse class had two firsts, one for horses, which was won by Mr. Ernst Voigt's Sambo, blk. g. and another for mules, which was won by Mr. Benjamin Barker's handsome mule, Andy. The second prize in this class was won by Mr. Voigt's horse Sir, a black gelding.

In the class for trotting horses the only entry was that of Mr. Chester Brown's chestnut mare Frances.

In the evening general dancing was in order until about 9 o'clock when the contest for the old fashioned waltz was in order. There were quite a few entries, and after the elimination of all but two couples, Miss Emily Barker and Mr. Daniel Sheehan and Miss Vera Ackers and Mr. James Martland, they were asked to change partners. While the opinion of the crowd was divided, the judges finally awarded the cup to Miss Barker and Mr. Sheehan.

Thursday was Governor's Day at the Fair, although it was not until early evening that Governor Beekman arrived. The horse show was the big event of the day. It began at 11 o'clock, with a noon intermission and finished about 4 o'clock. The first class to enter were ladies' driving horses, long tails. There were seven entries. Glen Farm's Belle, a big bay mare, won first premium, Philip Caswell's Rosedale King, Ch. G., second and Walter F. Anthony of Swansea, third with Mille, brn. m.

Shetland ponies in harness came next, and the children were greatly interested in this class. Sarah Sisson, Portsmouth, took first with Bonnie Jack, blk. g., Philip Caswell, Middletown, second with Willie, blk. g., and H. C. Anthony, Jr. of Portsmouth, third with Rex, bay m.

There were eleven entries in the next class single roadsters with long tails. The judges were some time in coming to a decision in this class, but finally awarded the blue to Carroll Walker's Long Island Boy, ch. g. Second went to Glen Farm's Belle, bay m. and third to Elm Court Stables, King Albert, bay g.

There was an intermission at this point, and the show began again at one o'clock. This class was for combination horses over 14.2. Elm Court's King Albert took the blue easily, Henry D. Sharpe, of Providence, captured second place with his Peggy, bay m., and third went to Mrs. James McLeod, Fall River, Vixen, bay m.

There were but three entries in the class for saddle horses under 15.2. First, Henry D. Sharpe, Providence, Peggy, bay m., second, Mrs. E. J. Murphy, Fall River, Jessie Dillon, bay m., third, Ernst Voigt, Newport, Merry Widow, blk. m.

No Newport horse was entered in the next class, pair of gentlemen's roadsters. The judges quickly awarded the blue to Leonard F. Dassance, of Fall River, for his Lacey Girl, brn. m., and Mille, brn. m., two handsome and clever horses. Second, H. C. Hambley, Fall River, Princess Louise, bay m., and Simon Todd, bay g. Third, Glen Farm, Portsmouth, Kate, ch. m., and Duplicate, ch. m.

Ladies' driving horses, short tails, brought out a number of fine looking animals. It was a close race between Mr. Ernst Voigt's Black Beauty and Elm Court Stables' Brown mare Solitaire, but the latter won out. Mr. Voigt's handsome black mare got third, the judges giving H. A. C. Taylor's bay g. Tommy second, an award that did not please the crowd a little bit.

Tandems brought out only two contestants, and was quickly over, the blue going to the pair owned by Dorothy Flynn, Fall River, Dillian O. K., black m. and Dansey, grey m. Second, Philip Caswell, Rosedale Jill blk. m.

There were a number of handsome horses in the next class for single run-around horses. The judges divided them into two classes, long and short tails, and the following were the winners: Long tails, first, Glen Farm, Portsmouth, Belle, bay m., second, James Barker, Jr., Middletown, Dolly, blk. m., third, Glen Farm, Duplicate ch. m.

Short tails, first, Dorothy Flynn, Fall River, Ebony Girl, second, H. A. C. Taylor, Johnnie, bay g. third, Elm Court Stables, Glenna, bay m.

Saddle horses over 15 hands. First, Elm Court Stables, Sir Evelyn, bay g., second, Mrs. James McLeod, Vixen, bay m.

Clydesdales, shown at halter. First and second, Glen Farm. Prince Childe and Prince Silloch.

Pairs of harness horses. First, H. A. C. Taylor, Duchess, brn. m., Major, brn. g., second, H. A. C. Taylor, Tommy, bay g. and Ruster, bay g., third, Ernst Voigt, Black Beauty, blk. m. and Bay Bill, bay g.

Pony under saddle. First, Philip Caswell, Rosedale Jack, blk. g., second, Rosedale Jill, blk. m., third, Sarah Sisson, Portsmouth, Bonny Jack, blk. g.

Single horses, over 14.2 and under 15.1 brought out seven fine horses. This class was divided into long and short tails, with the following results: Long tails, Elm Court Stables, Solitaire, bay m., second, H. A. C. Taylor, Haster, bay g. third, Glen Farm, Kate, ch. m.

Short tails, first, Glen Farm, Belle, bay m., second, Glen Farm, Duplicate, ch. m., third, Henry D. Sharpe, Providence, Peggy, bay m.

He was accompanied by Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman, Mr. Guy Norman, Colonel William Macleod and Captain Davis Arnold of his personal staff, and Professor Lewis Adams of Kingston College. The governor was then introduced by Mr. Sherman and made a pleasing address, being warmly welcomed. After the governor had concluded his remarks, Mr. Guy Norman spoke for a few minutes, followed by Professor Adams.

A special one-step contest for a prize offered by Governor Beekman took place in the dance hall, 25 couples entering. After all the couples had been taken from the floor but two, the judges found it hard to decide, so the prize was divided between Miss Vera Ackers and Mr. Daniel Sheehan, and Miss Frances McGraw and Mr. Frank Moore—each couple getting \$5.00 in gold.

Friday was Children's Day and amusements suitable to the young were in order.

The following premiums were awarded:

ART DEPARTMENT.

Charcoal Drawing, 2nd premium, G. Maxwell.
Collection of raffier Basket—1st premium, Mrs. J. H. Barrett.
Collection of Rose Buds—1st premium, Mrs. W. E. Morse.
One Work Basket Raffier—1st Mrs. J. H. Barrett.
Collection of Reed Basket Work—1st premium, Mrs. Ackerman.
Gathering Basket, Reed—1st premium, Mrs. Ackerman.
Collection of Hand Painted China—1st premium, Miss S. E. Sterne.
Collection of Photographs—2nd premium, Miss Grace E. Brazier.
Beard Chain—1st premium, Miss Emily Brazier.
Original Charcoal—1st premium, Ellen E. Durfee.
Collection of Photographs—1st premium, Ellen E. Durfee.
Amateur Pen and Ink—1st premium, Ellen E. Durfee.
Amateur Collection of China—1st premium, Miss May Wald.
Collection of Basket Work—2nd premium, Mrs. J. G. Swinburne.
Specimen of Candle Shades—1st premium, Mrs. N. Greene.
Hand Painted Plate—1st premium, Emma J. Smith.
Original Water Color—1st premium, Mrs. Crain.
Specimen of Tooled Leather—1st premium, Mrs. Crain.
Original Water Color—2nd premium, Maud Weaver.
Pyrography Frame—1st premium, Miss Caroline Anthony.
Mechanical Drawing—1st premium, T. H. Leonard.
Specimen of Enamel Copper—1st premium, Mrs. Crain.
Collection of Enamel Boxes—1st premium, Mrs. Crain.
Collection of Raffier Coasters—2nd premium, Miss Letty Sherman.
Collection of Dolls and Furniture—1st premium, E. Behrend.
Silhouette Original—1st premium, E. Behrend.
Silhouette Copy—2nd premium, E. Behrend.
Copy Oil Painting—1st premium, Mrs. Charles Weaver.
Corn Husk Mat—1st premium, William Parker.
Collection of hand weaving—1st premium, Miss Helen Stoddard.
Specimen woolen hand woven mat—2nd premium, Miss Helen Stoddard.
Specimen Silk Table Cover, woven—1st premium, Miss Helen Stoddard.
Sun Dial—2nd premium, T. H. Leonard.
Jute Foot Stool—1st premium, Miss May Ward.
Melon Seed Bag—1st premium, Miss Mamie Grayson.
Collection of Jewelry—1st premium, Mrs. Crain.
Specimen of Enamel Jewelry—1st premium, Mrs. Crain.
Collection of Tooled Leather—1st premium, Mrs. Crain.
Heliograph—1st premium, T. B. Tanner.

SHEEP AND SWINE.

Chester Boar, 2 yrs—1st premium, Sowle Bros.
Chester Sow, 6 pigs—1st premium, Sowle Bros.
Chester Boar, 1 yr—1st premium, Charles Sherman.
Chester Sow, 7 pigs—1st premium, Hathaway Bros.
Berkshire Boar—1st premium, Frank Paquin.
Chester Sow—1st premium, Frank Paquin.
Chester Shoats—Special, Frank Paquin.
Essex Sow—1st premium, Frank Paquin.
Berkshire Sow—1st and 2nd premium, Naham Green.
Berkshire Boar—1st premium, Naham Green.
Yorkshire Sow—1st and 2nd premium, William B. Anthony.
Chester Sow—2nd premium, William B. Anthony.
Chester Sow—1st premium, William B. Anthony.
Chester Boar Pig—Special, William B. Anthony.
Chester Boar—1st premium, William B. Anthony.
Chester Sow—2nd premium, William B. Anthony.
Belted Sow, 9 pigs—1st premium, William W. Anthony.
Belted Sow, 7 pigs—2nd premium, William W. Anthony.
Berkshire Sow, 9 pigs—1st premium, William W. Anthony.
Two Fat Hogs—Special, James H. Barker.
Southdown 4 Ewe Lambs—1st premium, Glen Farm.
Southdown 4 Weather Lambs—1st premium, Glen Farm.
Southdown Buck Lamb—1st premium, Glen Farm.
Southdown Buck 1 year—1st premium, Glen Farm.
Shropshire Ewe—Special, Ramon Hall.

The Invasion of America

By JULIUS W. MULLER

A Narrative Fact Story Based Authoritatively on the Inexorable Mathematics of War—What Can Be Done to Oppose an Invading Army With Our Actual Present Resources in Regulars, Trained Militia, Untrained Citizens, Coast Defenses, Field Artillery, and All Other Weapons of Defense.

Copyright, 1916, by J. W. Muller. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XV

Attacking the Metropolis.

ONLY the harbor defenses of Long Island sound were still speaking to each other. From the forts on Throgs Neck, in Westchester county, and from Fort Totten, on Long Island, the commanders at Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth in the Narrows received requests for more men. Large forces, said the sound defenses, were closing in rapidly to invest them on land from the rear. It would be an artillery and infantry fight in which the mammoth coast guns could take little part if any.

The commanders of the Narrows were helpless to give aid. The commanders of the Sandy Hook defenses were helpless. All the men, regulars and militia, of the coast artillery who could be obtained were not enough. Fort Hamilton, being on the Long Island shore itself, dared not denude itself further than it had done. At any moment there might be an attack on it too.

It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when the people of northern Long Island and the inhabitants of the borough of the Bronx and Westchester county sprang from their beds in wild alarm. Without warning, as if a hurricane had struck with instant concentrated force, all their windows had crashed. Their walls were shaking and pictures and plaster falling. It was like no gunfire that men ever had imagined. It was not a series of explosions. It was like one explosion whose crescent violence would not dwindle.

Men on vantage points along the sound that night saw the attacking lines from end to end plainly as if it were day. So continuous was their fire that it seemed their positions with broad, unvarying bands of flame. It needed not the star bombs and rockets that gyrated everywhere under the sky to fall glaring into the defenses. It needed not the magnesium lights that floated from parachutes dropped by aeroplanes. On both sides of the sound the night was a red sea.

Into the mortar pits and gun emplacements of the defenses, like a red eurt from that red sea, beat the unending fire. Shrapnel that welled like the bride of the storm and flew apart in the air thing bullets as if mines had burst inside of the defenses. Eleven inch shells that hammered into concrete fueling and split it apart with the irresistible agency of their explosion. Five inch shell and solid projectile bombs from the air, and every agency that man had yet devised to wreck and destroy.

As suddenly as it had begun the fire stopped. The night became utterly still. The rockets ceased curving. But in all the defenses there shone white glances, from searchlights and magnesium flares, blindingly rushing masses of men who clambered over the ruins of guns and mounds, and took the works. There was none left to oppose them.

When the dawn came the watchers rubbed their eyes. The great defenses lay apparently unharmed. Their mounds and emplacements betrayed nothing of the ruin that the night's battle had worked within. But against the brightening sky there arose a visible sign of what had been done. The flag of the coalition floated over them and greeted the American sunrise.

Within a few hours after dawn artillery began to move through Long Island's boulevards toward Brooklyn. North of the city the army began marching through the borough of the Bronx toward the Harlem river. Before noon guns were posted along the Harlem heights, on University heights, at High Bridge and down past the mouth of the Harlem river.

Through Hell Gate into the East river came a motley fleet—coast and river steamers captured at New Haven and Bridgeport, wall sided freighters and lighters, side wheelers and screw propellers, and a flotilla of motorboats, the pick of the beautiful little navy of pleasure that filled all the sound bar bors.

This fleet anchored in a long line below Blackwell's Island, close under the Manhattan shore. All the larger vessels had guns on their forward and upper decks. As soon as the craft had swung to the tide the weapons were pointed at the city.

Then the telephone bell in the city hall called the mayor again. The corps commander, speaking from temporary quarters in the University of New York buildings, announced that he wished to send commissioners into the city to treat with the authorities for the terms of capitulation. He desired that the mayor send an escort to meet them at the Lenox avenue bridge over the Harlem.

Arrived in the city hall, the commissioners presented a demand signed by the commander for unconditional surrender of the city. The mayor and his advisers read it and turned to the soldiers. "What does this mean?" asked the mayor, pointing to a clause that called for the surrender of all fortifications with troops and munitions of war. "We possess no fortifications,"

"It means Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth, on the Narrows," answered the chief commissioner.

"But those are United States property," said the mayor. "We have no authority over them."

"Then I should advise you to consult with the commandant of these places at once," answered the commissioner. "Their surrender is an indispensable condition in the terms of capitulation." The mayor reached for the telephone. "Stop all other business, however important," he said to the operator. "Connect me with the commandant at Fort Hamilton."

His conversation with that officer was brief. "His despatches absolutely to surrender any part of the defenses or other government property," he reported.

"Then, sir," said the officer, rising, "I regret to inform you that we shall shell the city. We are authorized to give you twenty-four hours. Precisely at the end of that time we shall order the firing to begin. I call your attention to the fact that our artillery is at present placed commands the borough of Manhattan to about fifty-ninth street and that our guns in Brooklyn command a great part of the most valuable sections of that borough. You will take note also that guns on the vessels anchored in the river can sweep both the New York and Brooklyn streets."

"But," exclaimed an old judge who was on the citizens' committee, "we are willing to surrender the city with out opposition. As a matter of fact, it lies wide open to your entrance. You cannot possibly mean to bombard an undefended and unfortified town!"

Without hesitation the officer drew a paper from his pocket and presented it. It read: "The city of New York, having Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth not only within its harbor limits, but actually within its municipal limits, is plainly a fortified place under all accepted definitions. Also while troops occupy these forts the town clearly falls under the definition of a 'defended place' under the clause that 'a place that is occupied by a military force is a defended place.'"

With a bow he handed the paper to the mayor.

"We shall bombard the city within twenty-four hours," he repeated.

The New York men looked at each other. "We are quite helpless, sir," said the old judge then. "We cannot force United States officers to surrender. I propose to my colleagues that a deputation shall go to Washington, at once to lay your terms before the president as commander in chief of the army and navy. I assure you that we shall represent to him most strongly the advisability of yielding. Will you, for your part, give us more time?"

"I cannot go beyond my orders," answered the officer. "Twenty-four hours, I fear, is the extreme limit. It will give you ample time, since the matter to be considered is most simple. You might inform his excellency the president, if you wish, that we have succeeded in reducing and taken Forts Schuyler, Slocum and Totten. We shall proceed to invest Fort Hamilton before tomorrow morning. Surrender will prevent useless loss of life and destruction of property."

A special train brought the deputation into Washington before daylight next morning. The New York men went at once to the White House, where they were received by the president, who had not been in bed. "You have no doubt that they mean to make good their threat of bombardment," asked the president after receiving their report. "Then, gentlemen, there is only one action for this government to take." He steeled and echoed the

doomed by a great army, were amazed at the ease and simplicity with which the city fell into military control. Instead of brigades entering the city, there were not even regiments. Troops of cavalry, companies of infantry, single machine gun detachments, moving separately down separated avenues, with big intervals between them, were all the force that entered.

Some hundreds of men and artillery passed down the river and landed in Brooklyn, some to occupy the navy yard and others to reinforce the men who had come in through Long Island. But the army remained outside, holding the northern districts from the sound to the Hudson and guarding the Hudson river and Potomac valleys against surprise attack from the direction of Albany.

The officers in charge of the men who entered the city asked no questions and required no directions. Unhesitatingly each led his force to the point that he wanted. Within two hours New York was wholly in the hands of the soldiers.

Nobody had thought of it before. Now, all at once, when it was accomplished, it amazed the people of New York to learn how easy it was to control the city's whole life, civic and commercial.

A battalion of infantry occupied the Grand Central terminal. Another battalion took the great Pennsylvania terminal, with its underground tunnels to New Jersey and Long Island. Detachments appeared at the Twenty-third street and Forty-second street ferries over the Hudson river and by that one seizure controlled all railroad connections with the west from uptown. The occupation of half a dozen other Hudson river railroad ferries downtown and of the Hudson terminal tube system completed the entire control of all the city's railroad traffic in every direction.

Equally simple was the control of its communications. Men appeared at the two great telegraph buildings and at the telephone building. Within half an hour they had every trunk line of wires in their hands and could strike the city dumb at will.

It was still easier to control the city from a military point of view. The citizens who had expected to see their streets commanded by cannon on hilltops did not at first comprehend why there were hardly any of those to be seen, while machine gun detachments appeared and disappeared as soon as they got well into the town. Only gradually did the citizens discover that their big, sprawling metropolis was being held subject by a very simple utilization of the city's characteristic features.

This feature was the skyscraper. To the eye of the soldier these high buildings were nothing so much as dwelling and magnificent emplacements for controlling the street valleys and their population below.

Four men with a machine gun and abundance of ammunition in one of these stone and steel summits could control more area than half a dozen heavy field gun batteries posted in the streets could command. These sentinel watchers were as aloof and as sure as fate. They could neither be rushed by a mob or sniped from concealment.

From the top of the Woolworth building two of the little guns pointed down into Broadway. Turned southward, they could sweep the town as far as the Battery. Eastward they could rain their steel jacketed bullets into the river front streets and over the two lower suspension bridges that cross the East river. Northward they had Broadway as far as Canal street under their fire.

They were supplemented by a gun

note its soft beauty. Now they looked at it with a new and acute perception, for its steeply held a gun that pointed down Broadway, whose southern zone of fire would just about reach to where the northern zone of fire from the Woolworth building would end.

Trinity, too, had a gun in its tower, pointing down Wall street. From Grace church northward to Trinity fourth street guns on the Flatiron building could reach any important street or any place where dangerous crowds might conceivably form. This evidence controlled both Madison and Union squares. The tower of Madison Square Garden, near by, also was armed.

The people knew that wherever they might move they were within the range of cannon that were loaded and ready. Their citizens' committees and their officials worked under guns. Every foot of their Great White Way could be changed into a "way of death" at a moment's notice.

Small need was there in New York city of the many placards and notices warning the people against disorder. Every man's eye was on every other man, and had one plotted mischief or rebellion there would have been a hundred witnesses ready to suppress him, to betray him—anything to prevent those steel devils in the city towers from setting death loose in the streets!

CHAPTER XVI

Our Laws Suspended.

NOT until the city of New York actually was surrendered did the people of the middle and far west become startled into a really acute perception of the catastrophe that had fallen on the whole country.

Though they were fiery with patriotism and anger, and though they were giving not only lavishly but extravagantly of their wealth and men, they were free, unconquered and untouched. They had seen no invader. With a suddenly freshened realization of the hugeness of the country, they had attached the conviction that there was little danger that any foe possibly could reach them from the Atlantic.

Their commerce could go and enter through their own ports unhindered, for happily in this crisis there was no danger threatening from across the Pacific. They needed not to fear that they would be taken in the back.

Therefore, though the surrender of Boston had shaken them, it had not terrified them. The great inland country clung to the belief that the army would do something. During the enemy's slow movement through Connecticut in the advance toward New York the people of the west remained implicit by that hope, as men in the past ages, stricken dumb by a darkened heaven and a smoking mountain, still clung to the belief that a kindly miracle would interpose to save them, though the earth of their market places was trembling under their feet.

That spiritual self defense with which men armor themselves against inevitable fates had not given way until the administration announced the surrender of the city of New York and its two great forts, with the statement:

"The president assumes full responsibility. After a careful examination of the situation in person he issued orders, as commander in chief of the armed forces of the United States, that the army in the field should offer no opposition."

Then the west began to fear with a great fear that its Pacific coast was not safe after all. It thought, appalled, that an enemy so formidable and successful, confronting opposition so futile, might succeed in breaking the defenses of the Panama canal as easily as he had broken the defenses of the Atlantic.

But the Panama canal was being held. The United States fleet, having failed to prevent the hostile landing on the New England coast, had turned at once to defend the one vital spot that it could protect even against superior numbers. That was the Caribbean entrance to the canal.

It raced there under forced draft. It surprised and destroyed an inferior force of cruisers and battleships that the enemy had stationed there for blockade. Again it was mathematics. The foe, forced to assure himself against attack on his transports off the New England coast, had held all his powerful ships north of the American fleet. The weaker blockaders in the south, facing guns of superior range, ships of superior speed and superior volume of gun fire, went down to destruction without even the satisfaction of lifting hand as they died.

The Panama defenses were perfect. This precious possession was one American possession at least that could be held to the last. Its guns were fully installed. It had ammunition. Its range finding systems and its systems of fire control were complete. Without the navy it, too, would have been sorely weak in men and would have been open, like America's continental defenses, to attack from the land. But with the naval forces it was able to hold out.

The navy was ready to throw men ashore to meet any attempt at landings along the coast. The navy's torpedo boats and destroyers crept to sea in the night and guarded all weak places. The American submarines, with a safe harbor for a base, worked under ideal submarine conditions. When the hostile navy, freed from the task of protecting its army, at last appeared in force off the isthmus it dared not institute anything like a close blockade.

It dared not even venture in to bombard. There were sixteen light guns at Panama. It was an object lesson for the United States. Exactly thus, had there been an army to protect them the Atlantic coast defenses could have defied any attempt from the sea to force a harbor.

The enemy navy, overwhelming as it was, could do nothing except to wait and watch.

The news of Panama's safety was the first and only good news that had been given to the country since the declaration of war. The relief that it gave was so great that the people received almost with equanimity the news which followed—that word had

transports in Boston harbor and Narragansett bay, bringing forces estimated at figures varying from 60,000 to 100,000 more men.

Soon after this landing had been accomplished cavalry and light artillery moved northward through Vermont. They asked and occupied in force Bellows Falls and the White River, Wells River and St. Johnsbury junctions of the Vermont railroads. This cut the last communication of New England with the United States. It gave the invader absolute command of the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain railroad, the Central Vermont, the Maine Central, the Boston and Maine and the Rutland branch railroads. Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont were in his power like the rest of New England. Blocked from the sea and cut off from railroad connection with the interior, they were subjugated even without the unfolding of forces that now began through their area.

The few big cities of the three states could offer no resistance. Within a few days the conquest of all New England was complete. Not a word came out of it to the rest of the United States. The city of New York was equally sealed. Nothing was permitted to pass out of the gagged and fettered town. The messages that stormed at it were delivered to censors, who did what they pleased with them, and passed practically none to the persons for whom they had been destined.

There had been an official notice on the front pages of all the New York newspapers on the morning after the occupation:

ALL ASSEMBLAGES OR GATHERINGS ON THE STREETS AND STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. BY ORDER OF THE MILITARY GOVERNMENT.

There was no threat as to penalty for infraction. None was needed. The machine guns in all the towers and skyscrapers were sufficient warning.

The city's newspapers, like those of Boston and all New England, were controlled and edited by military censors. They were permitted to tell their readers nothing of importance. This utter ignorance in which the multitudes were kept made them more helpless than did even the guns that watched them everywhere.

It was a city surrounded, perpetually confronted and oppressed by the unknown. The veil of secrecy and silence was lifted only when newspapers or placards printed some new proclamation in formal, legal verbiage.

The first one to be issued had proclaimed the occupation and the institution of a military government. It had added that the existing civil authorities had been empowered and ordered to continue their administration with the sanction and participation of the military government and that all civil and criminal laws remained in effect subject to changes demanded by military exigency.

But immediately under this announcement was a paragraph headed:

LAWS SUSPENDED. On and after this date the following classes of laws are suspended: (1) The right to bear arms. (2) The right of suffrage. (3) The right of assembly. (4) The right to publish newspapers or circulate other matter. (5) The right to quit occupied territory or travel freely in same.

Another announcement that struck home after the people saw its real meaning under its smooth wording was:

The municipal and other civil and criminal laws administered by the civil authorities are for the benefit and protection of the civilian population. Their continued enforcement is not for the protection or control of officers and soldiers of the occupying army, who are subject to the rules of war and amenable only to their own military government.

A few days after the surrender people along the water front noticed a great movement of vessels. The big Fall River line and other sound steamers moved up the North river toward Yonkers in long procession, with some steamships seized at the wharves.

The next day they came down the river again. They were full of troops. Some of the vessels towed railroad floats with flat cars, on which were lashed cannon so big that even from the shore the eye could perceive their unusual size. Other craft towed strings of small scows, and still others towed floating derricks.

The flotilla passed down the upper bay, but it did not go on through the Narrows. It disappeared in the narrow waterway of the Kill van Kull that winds between Staten Island and the mainland of New Jersey and connects with the lower harbor through Paritan bay.

The story of the mysterious flotilla spread quickly through a city whose lack of newspapers made its apprehensive curiosity only the more keen. Robbed of its news and bulletin service, the people, without any conscious plan, had organized a news service of their own. They had fallen back on the primitive method of circulating information from man to man.

The citizens' committee and the city officials, however, were able to guess pretty clearly what this movement of troops and heavy artillery meant. There was nothing in the lower harbor that possibly could demand such force except one place—the forts on Sandy Hook, the last remaining harbor defenses that still was under the American flag. Solitary though it was, so long as it remained intact it forbade the entrance of New York harbor to any hostile vessel.

There had been wonder before because the enemy commander had not demanded the surrender of the Sandy Hook defenses under threat of bombarding the city, as he had demanded and forced the surrender of Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth. "Because Sandy Hook is not within the city, as the other two forts were," was the solution at which the city's lawyers arrived after considering the rules governing military action. "The invader plainly is adhering carefully to all the accepted rules of war. By doing so he can and does hold us to account rigorously under the same rules. This is profitable to him, for despite all their apparent stipulations in favor of a conquered territory the rules of war are made, after all, to facilitate war."

It was impossible to warn the commander at Sandy Hook. Private service over the telephone and telegraph systems was suspended entirely. The fire alarm system was operated under the watchful control of soldiers. In police headquarters sat a colonel of cavalry, whose double-duty was necessary for every order issued by the police commissioner.

This was a stern officer, who held the police force in a hard, unattractive band. The men were accountable more than ever for strict enforcement of all laws, but they were subject also to summary control by every military officer. Even guards and posts of private soldiers had some authority over them. There were many daily experiences and sights in their streets that served to make the people tractable, but few things were so powerful as the daily spectacle of their pugnacious police yielding sullen but complete obedience.

"It is unlawful to disobey orders given by our army." This short regulation covered a great deal. It tied the police and the citizens hand and foot.

On Sandy Hook, fifteen miles down the harbor from the Battery, there were being demonstrated the luxurious mathematics of war that had been demonstrated at Narragansett, at Boston, at Fort Schuyler and Totten, in Westchester, and at Fort Wadsworth, on Long Island.

Fort Hancock, on Sandy Hook, almost invulnerable to ship attack from the sea, was being reduced from the land. The fort commander had disposed his men in the most formidable positions possible, and they made the narrow sandy neck of the Hook that led from the mainland to their fortifications a pass that no force, however contemptuous of death, would attack hastily. Barb wire and great sand mounds, eight fire guns and big guns behind them, made them no despicable sentinels, but the Americans numbered battalions and regiments. The American mobile guns numbered pairs where the enemy's artillery was counted by dozens.

The steel mass of fort that could protect harbor and city could not protect itself. The military flotilla, emerging into Paritan bay, landed its men on the New Jersey shore at Keypoint, inside of the lower harbor and behind Sandy Hook. The defenses had not been derided or built to withstand attack from their own bay. The great rifled guns and the steel mortars were ponderous. They were mounted on complex engines, equally ponderous, whose bases were firmly anchored in concrete and steel. These mammoths were not things that could be swung around to all points of the compass. They were set in their solid beds for the one purpose of fighting things out at sea.

The commander had succeeded, with desperate labor, by blasting away concrete emplacements and facings, in turning two of his big guns around to face the land and protect the open back of the fort. But the giant steel guns, with their 1,000 pound projectiles, that could fight 30,000 ton battleships, could not fight two legged men. They might, by chance or fortune, find and destroy one of the siege guns that were attacking them. But if they missed a gun and fell merely among soldiers they would be scarcely more murderous than a little old gun that fires bursting charges of shrapnel.

(To Be Continued.)

Reckless Eating.

Dietitians commenting on modern recklessness in eating quote the remark of Seneca, the Roman philosopher, "Man does not die; he kills himself." Originally made to live 1,000 years, man has fallen to an average of only one-third of a century. It has taken 6,000 years, the authorities tell us, to develop a race that will live, by hook or by crook, as long as thirty-three years, which is given as the present day average. The blame is placed upon our disregard of plain honesty in living. We scorn everything natural and surrender to artificial gratifications and indulgence that tend to ruin the natural health of the body. Our discretion cannot be trusted to do the common sense obvious thing. It is pointed out that animals live longer on natural food than on man's mixture. A sick horse turned out to pasture will get well, and if fed on bran, oats and other food prescribed by man he dies.—Exchange.

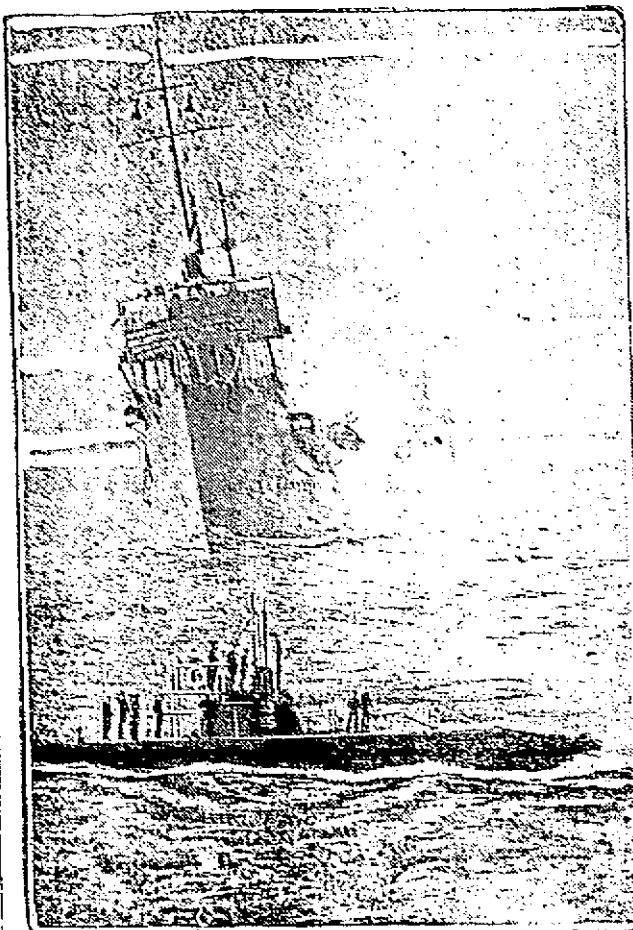
Making a Rug "Antique."

How "genuine antique rugs" are manufactured and prepared for European and American markets is told by a writer in the National Geographic Magazine who visited Bagdad. The shopping streets seem like tunnels, he writes. They are arched overhead with brick to keep out the heat. Thus they run, like subways, up and down the bazaar quarter. Through those long, sliding, faintly lighted tunnels throngs the eternal crowd of men, mules and camels.

Often you will see a fine rug lying flat in the fifth of a narrow street, ground beneath the tramp of men and beasts, but there is method in this. Foreigners make oriental rugs, bright and new, in Persia and sell them through Bagdad. Since an "old rug" is worth more, wily brokers have hit on this shameful way to make a new rug look old.

Between the Poles.

Although Lord Rayleigh is a noted scientist and a profound scholar, he has a humorous side to his nature, and he once played a neat little joke on a learned friend with whom he had been discussing some deep subjects. "What is the difference between the north and south poles?" he asked. "The difference is that the north pole is a point, and the south pole is a line." His lordship's friend thought he had a new scientific problem to grapple with and brought all the weight of his brain to bear upon the question. "I really must give it up," he said at last. "The answer is simple enough," replied Lord Rayleigh with a smile. "There is all the difference in the world."—London Answers.



THE ENEMY'S NAVY OFF PANAMA COULD ONLY WAIT AND WATCH OWING TO THE STRONG DEFENDING GUNS.

refrain of all the past days.—There is nothing else that we can do."

An hour later the wires to New York cleared by orders from the war department, carried a dispatch to the commanders at Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth. It ordered them to surrender.

From his headquarters the enemy commander ordered detachments to go down the harbor in boats and occupy the captured defenses. Then he sent his troops forward into the city.

And now the New Yorkers, who had expected that their streets would be

on top of the great Municipal building. It held a good part of the crowded tenement house district of the lower east side under its zone of fire, notably the doubtful section of Cherry street and other areas known to the police.

On the tall towers of the suspension bridges themselves were other detachments with a gun each. The chumbers were not forgotten by the soldiers. The graceful steeple of Grace church, standing at an acute angle of Broadway so that it can be seen from far downtown, had been before men's eyes so long that they had ceased almost to

FEES OF LAWYERS

Modern Legal Lights Would Scorn Webster's Retainers.

FORTUNES IN SINGLE CASES.

Many of the Leaders of the Bar of Today Receive For One Piece of Work Ten Times the Amount the Great Senator Made in a Year.

What is the biggest fee ever paid a lawyer?

There is nothing certain about it, but it is the opinion of some of Boston's most widely known lawyers that Robert M. Morse has received the largest fee ever paid to a Boston lawyer.

In the famous Wentworth will case of a dozen or so years ago he is reported to have been paid \$250,000, while on the opposing side Samuel J. Elder and John H. Lang are generally credited with having added \$100,000 each to their bank accounts.

Another big fee that almost staggers belief is one awarded by the courts of Massachusetts to Sherman A. Whipple in the Bay State Gas company receivership case, in which Mr. Whipple got \$233,000, although he said it did not all go to him.

There is a tremendous difference between the fees which lawyers receive today and those which the legal lights of a generation ago were paid.

Daniel Webster is a good illustration of this as any one, and Samuel J. Elder is authority for the statement that Webster's best year netted him only \$18,000.

"I have seen Webster's books," Mr. Elder said, "and there was not a year that he earned more than \$18,000, usually much less."

It has often been said that the great senator from Massachusetts did not average \$10,000 a year and yet today a man with his attainments and experience who did not earn half a million dollars a year would have only himself to blame.

Rufus Choate, a very great lawyer in his day, practiced more than Webster. His average receipts from 1849 to 1893, inclusive, were nearly \$18,000 yearly.

The largest receipts in a single year during that period were a little more than \$22,000 in 1856 and the smallest \$11,000. His largest single fee was \$2,000, and he had four more of the same amount. Once he had a retaining fee of \$1,500. Choate was probably the equal in eloquence and learning of any lawyer living today.

Lincoln, a member of the Illinois bar, was another whose low charges have caused comment. Prior to 1840 he received two or three fees of \$50 each. Trial fees were usually entered as \$5. He sometimes took payment in trade.

The largest fee he ever received was \$5,000 from the Illinois Central railroad, the richest corporation in his state, and he had to sue to collect that. Today he would get \$50,000 or \$100,000 for the same work.

Coming down to our present day, it is said that the late James H. Dill received \$100,000 for his services in connection with the forming of the United States steel trust.

William D. Guthrie received \$800,000 for his work in breaking the will of Henry B. Plant.

John H. Parsons' work in connection with the formation of the sugar trust is said to have enriched him \$500,000.

Joseph L. Choate received many enormous fees. He is said to have been paid \$200,000 for his argument before the United States supreme court successfully attacking the constitutionality of the income tax. His work for the United Shoe Machinery company also netted him large fees.

Samuel Undermyer has received at least one fee of three-quarters of a million dollars with the consent of both parties and with the approval of the court. Another fee of a quarter of a million dollars is also credited to him.

George W. Wickersham, Taft's attorney general, received a fee of \$200,000 in 1903 as one of the attorneys who negotiated the Chicago Traction company settlement between the city and the companies.

William Nelson Cromwell is said to have made a million dollars in connection with the Panama canal business, but the truth or falsity of this statement probably never will be proved.—Boston Post.

Naval Gunners' Pay.

The chief gunners in the United States navy receive \$1,400 a year; the gunner's mates of the first class, \$40 per month; second class, \$35; third class, \$30. A seaman gunner is paid \$20 per month. An electrician of the first class receives \$90; second class, \$40; third class, \$30, while the chief electrician is paid \$80 per month.

Hat Catching Paid Him.

The late John Dalton of England, a famous hat catcher, who made a fortune at the business, is supposed to have known a special process which had been in his own family for 200 years. He rode to his work in a coach and would hand the bag of hats to the coachman on leaving the place.

Wouldn't Tell That.

Maud—Can you keep a secret about Edith's ritual? Edith's ritual—Yes, if it's something in her favor.—Boston Transcript.

The Safety First Critic.

"Brown is a very careful critic, isn't he?"

"He always manages to take the sting out of his unfavorable comment."

For instance.

"His wife made him a shortcake the other day, and when she asked him how he liked it he replied, 'It isn't as good as your father used to make.'"

BEGINNINGS OF NEW YORK.

Except One, Its Early Colonial Governor Were a Gory Lot.

Queer were the institutions with which the early history of Manhattan Island was furnished. Of the four Dutch governors not one was competent. Minuit was fairly wise, but was active in furthering the patroon system, feudalism pure and simple. Wouter van Twiller, who was five feet six inches tall and six feet five inches in circumference, was a fool; William Kieft was peevish, avaricious and dishonest, and old "Silver Peg" Peter Stuyvesant was a despot.

Of the English governors all but one, and he a shining exception, were as bad as the Dutch. Lord Bellmont was the partner of Kieft, the pirate; Lord Cornbury was a degenerate who painted his face and went slithering through the streets; Sloughter was a notorious drunkard; Lovelace, Hunter, Burnet, Montgomerie, Cosby and Clark were worthless; Nicolls and Andros have little to their credit.

The exception was Thomas Dongan. Few perhaps appreciate the debt America and the world owe to Dongan. The bill of rights or charter of liberties, which he drafted while governor and gave to the colonists, formed the basis of the Declaration of Independence which Thomas Jefferson wrote nearly a century later. It marked the first step in the march of events that led to the birth of this nation of free men.

Little, perhaps, did Dongan know of the mighty consequences of his act. How could he? He ruled but a portion of British colony in America.

New York, named for that ill-fated Duke of York who became James II., was a mudhole. Berlin was a village of 9,000. Petrograd was a marsh. Constantinople vied with London for the title of greatest city of the world. Boston and Philadelphia were more populous than New York. The trade of Salem was larger.—Commerce and Finance.

CANINE SLAUGHTER.

When Dogs Threatened Paris During the Reign of Terror.

It is a curious fact that the French capital was once threatened by a horde of hungry dogs. This event was associated with many other and more startling ones of the reign of terror. It was due to a very natural cause. The greater part of the aristocrats who had fled or gone into hiding kept dogs, and very few were able to make arrangements for the care of their animals when they hurriedly left their homes.

The dogs abandoned, took to the streets and shortly began to congregate in two packs, one occupying the Champs Elysees and one the Bois de Boulogne. Soon they became a public danger, as is evidenced by the duly recorded fact that Santerre, the brewer, proposed a law that all dogs should be hanged. So, in September, 1793, when thousands of starving animals were seeking subsistence in a city not over-provided with food, drastic measures were adopted against the Champs Elysees pack.

Two battalions of the national guard surrounded the area, leaving a gap toward the Rue Royale, while hundreds of men and boys "beat the corner." The game was driven up to the Place Royale, where troops made a battue of it. Three days consecutively was this repeated, and more than 3,000 dogs lay in the place.

It is said that one Gaspardin, who was ordered to remove the carcasses, being short of means to effect this, applied for the royal equipages. To the revolutionists this appeared a timely jest and the application was granted gleefully and with applause. So Gaspardin packed the dead dogs in the gilded coaches and made a state procession through Paris.—Washington Star.

An Attraction.

Captain von Altheim was quartered with his lieutenant of reserves—a college professor in civil life—in the house of a Polish priest who had no living language to his tongue but Polish and Russian. The captain rubbed up the dusty memories of his own school days and made shift to converse with his reverend host in Latin. Afterward he asked his comrade what he thought of the performance. The professor's expression of pain was hardly dimmed by the thickness of his spectacles.

"It was only one more of the horrors of war," he said resolutely.—New York Post.

Do Champion Athletes Die Young?

From opinions collected from men prominent in the athletic world among them several doctors and surgeons who have given the subject special study, it may be concluded that the average man can play baseball, tennis and basketball with safety until he is forty. After that age these more vigorous games become a little dangerous, even to the man in good physical condition. At forty-five, most of the experts agree, golf, croquet, handball, valley ball and medicine ball are more fitting and, certainly, safer pastimes. The United States public health service discourages some of the more violent forms of sport, such as rowing, for instance, even for young men. Long distance running, jumping and pole vaulting also are considered extremely exhausting by its experts. It declares, in short, that "champion athletes die young."—Boston Herald.

A Short Lived Island.

In 1867 a new island was discovered in the group of the Tonga or Friendly Islands. In 1871 smoke was seen over the island. In 1885 the island had become a volcanic island more than two miles long and 210 feet high, and a fierce eruption was taking place within it. In 1886 the island had begun to shrink in dimensions. In 1889 its height had diminished one-half, and the area was only one-third of its former size. In 1890 the island was only a mile long and 100 feet wide. In 1891 it was only a few feet long and in 1892 it had disappeared. The island was reported.

SECRET OF STEADY GOLF.

It Lies in Proper Use of the Club and Nerve Control.

There is no such thing for any man as eternal steadiness, but there is no reason why most golfers shouldn't develop a much greater steadiness than is shown. It is all a matter of practicing two things—the proper use of the club and concentration, or nerve control.

Remember at each practice or during each friendly round to try to make your brain work as well as your arms and legs. Remember, above all other factors, that it is vital to the success of the shot that you keep your head still, often referred to as "looking at the ball." Make it a point to school your brain as well as your muscles, for the brain is in control of the muscles. The golfer who can't concentrate, who doesn't practice concentration, will never be able to develop steadiness, although he may be a true shot maker and may be capable of some wonderful rounds.

So, to put a few suggestions into compact, concrete form, the following are offered to those who desire a change for the better in their golfing steadiness or unsteadiness:

First.—Practice concentration—keeping your mind on the ball as well as your eye.

Second.—Make up your mind to accept a bad lie or some bad luck as part of the game and to be expected.

Third.—Play each shot as it comes, without regret over past mistakes or worry over future troubles.

Fourth.—Practice the short game, shots around the green, at every possible chance. It is here that scores are reduced.

Fifth.—Practice with the brain as well as with the arms and legs. Cultivate brain control over muscles.—Jerome D. Travers in American Magazine.

LIGHTING OUR LIVES.

Lines Along Which Physicians of the Future May Work.

Some day there will be a new physician who will be part engineer and part medical student. He will ask you no personal questions, and his prescriptions will be filled by a dealer in lamps and lighting fixtures; yet he is a man who can cure the world of half its grackles and ill temper.

The new doctor will investigate your home from the standpoint of lighting efficiency. Have you enough or too much light? Is the wall paper soothing to your eyes, yet economical from the standpoint of lighting efficiency, or does the color of it and its figures cut your nerves like a razed edged knife?

Medical men have said that many a murder has been the result of a glaring incandescent light and red wall paper. When the gleam of a flat building curses the peasant across the way his ill temper may be caused by his desk light and not by the piano at all. The eye can stand less abuse than the ear, and were it in repose the grouch would probably fail to notice the doubtful music. The lighting doctor probably will find the cause of that grouch and remove it.

Instead of a stethoscope he will use an illuminometer. The illuminometer is a device to tell in figures just how bright the light on your book is as you sit and read. It is used by lighting engineers, municipal lighting departments, building inspectors and others for determining the brightness of natural or artificial illumination. Portable, easily and quickly used and utilizing the familiar methods of measurement, it is a complete outfit for making photometric measurements.—Technical World.

Was Ruskin Concoited?

In one of Ruskin's lectures, though I cannot quote it exactly, he says in effect this, and it is said with great earnestness: "Because I have done harm to no one and good to all, because I have loved truth and hated falsehood, because I have regarded the happiness of others more than my own, you can trust what I say to you, and you will be glad in later years that you have trusted me."

I have heard it quoted as an example of Ruskin's great conceit, but to me it has never seemed to be that. It has seemed to me, rather, a just and not a vain measuring of his powers.—Anne Bryan McCall in Woman's Home Companion.

Hazy Ideas.

"I have been promised a job in the forest service," said the politician.

"What are your duties to be?"

"I don't know much about the proposition. I have been told that I may be sent out to inspect government preserves."

"For what purpose?"

"To see if they comply with the game food laws, I suppose."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Danger Signals.

It takes a cheerful philosophy to find virtue in the sulphurous odor of a bad egg. But if all bad water and bad milk were blessed by a like beneficent danger signal what a host of dead and dying human beings would have been saved.—Exchange.

A Straight Tip.

"Colonel, please give me a little advice on racing matters. I understand you are an excellent judge of pace."

"I am, son, and the one you are going to win last about two years."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Exception.

"No man would approve of the recall as applied to himself."

"Oh, yes, an after world."—Baltimore American.

Portable Hostelry.

"When I landed I took the cat for a hotel."

"What a singular mistake."—Boston Transcript.

STOREHOUSE OF THE MIND.

There is Nothing Occult or Mystical in the Subconscious.

Stated as briefly as possible, the subconscious may be described as that region of the human mind in which are stored the memories acquired by previous experience, education and observation.

This includes memories of sights and sounds which were perceived without our being aware of them at the time we perceived them.

Let them come within range of eye and ear, even when we are paying attention to something else, and the delicate mechanism of these sense organs registers a definite memory image of them in our minds.

Such images, together with all our other memory images, no matter how acquired, remain our permanent possession.

We are able to recall by voluntary effort only a comparatively few of our innumerable memory images. But repeated experiments as well as facts of common knowledge seem to indicate that under certain conditions any experience that we have ever had can be recalled by us. As one psychologist puts it:

"Whatever has gone into the mind can come out of the mind."

Obviously there must be a region of the mind wherein are stored these multitudinous memory images. It is to this region that psychologists refer when they use the term, "the subconscious."

But the subconscious is not only a reservoir for the storage of memory images. It is also a workshop for their manipulation, so that on occasion they may emerge, not simply as they went in, but in pleasing and often remarkable combinations.

This function of the subconscious is exemplified in many ways, from the picturesque and vivid dreams of sleep to the "inspiration" of men of genius.

In its hidden depths, it would seem, the mind is perpetually active. It is not content to hold its memory images in inert form. It must fuse and collate them, choosing for its purpose those memories in especial that are most closely linked together in a network of associated ideas.

That is why one man's subconscious is more serviceable to him than another's.

Through conscious study and reflection he has packed the secret chambers of his mind with a mass of memory images relating to one specific subject or subjects, hence naturally linked by association of ideas.

And just because he consciously focuses his attention in this direction he sets his subconscious working for the same end with the special material his conscious thinking has accumulated for it.

In a word, there is really nothing occult or mystical in the subconscious. It is simply a convenient term to designate one phase of our mental life.—H. Addington Bruce in Kansas City Star.

Leli and the King.

In any list of prolific authors mention should be made of Gregorio Leti, who settled in England in 1680, on the strength of a promise made by Charles II. to appoint him royal historiographer. Leti was then able to boast that in twenty years he had produced twenty historical works and become the father of twenty children. "I hear you are writing a history of my court," Charles once remarked to Leti. "Take care that your work give no offense." "I will do what I can, sire," said Leti, "but if a man were as wise as Solomon he would scarce be able to avoid giving some offense."

"Why, then," rejoined the merry monarch, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not histories."—London Chronicle.

An Anecdote of Genius.

The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion" Horne. Horne on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt and found him in a large room with a wide, old fashioned fireplace. He had dragged his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment.

"My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?"

"I know, I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."

Tomb of Ezra.

Doubt has often been expressed as to whether the tomb of Ezra, on the Tigris, now in British possession, really holds the remains of the great Hebrew prophet. For Josephus says he was buried in Jerusalem. The Talmud, however, states that Ezra died at Zamarra, a town on the Tigris, when on his way from Jerusalem to Susa to plead the cause of the captive Hebrews; so the authenticity of the tomb is not improbable.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Way to Win.

"I have always been unlucky in life."

"Me, too."

"Yet you are very successful."

"Well, just as soon as I got the idea that luck would do nothing for me I began to hustle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wouldn't Be Wooden.

The nearsighted woman who talked to an Indian in front of a cigar store about his soul's salvation declared afterward that she would rather talk to a wooden man than to a wooden Christian and never talk to anybody.—Christian Herald.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

W. D. Little

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Louis J. Overell, 11, was drowned at Haverhill, Mass., while swimming.

The Alabama senate passed a house bill permitting the shipment of quantities of stored liquors from the state.

Orlando Dillman, 70, while riding on a freight elevator at Boston, was crushed and instantly killed between the edge of the elevator and the first floor.

Joseph Desmond, 16, was instantly killed at Everett, Mass., when he fell from the top of an auto truck and was crushed under the wheels.

Perceval MacNeal, who was injured in an auto collision at Nahant, Mass., died from his injuries. Agnes Corning died soon after the accident.

Halpin Spalding, 16, was drowned while bathing at Woodville, N. H.

Fred E. Hersey of Melvin village, N. H., was killed by the overturning of an automobile in which he was riding.

Paul Armstrong, the playwright, who died suddenly at New York, left a personal estate of only \$800.

The first cargo of German-made toys to arrive in the United States this year is being unloaded at Philadelphia.

Hugier Holland, 95, sole survivor of those who took part in the battle of Big Bluff in 1846 in the French war of subjugation in Algeria, died at Paris.

President Wilson was decorated with a small American flag, which was pinned on him on behalf of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Adding to the gaiety of nations, dancing masters at New York invented ten new dances.

The Panama canal has been cleared of recent glides so that ships drawing not more than twenty-eight feet may now navigate the waterway.

A near fist fight between Germans and English attending a "peace" meeting at Washington called by Mrs. Melva Lockwood caused the session to break up in a row.

The congress of St. Jean Baptiste union of America voted to retain its headquarters at Woonsocket, R. I.

Edward P. Harper, 28, of Cambridge, Mass., committed suicide by shooting.

Mrs. Daniel de Fosse, 60, was killed in a runaway accident at Littleton, N. H.

Lois Mayo, a year-old twin, died as a result of eating potato in his home at Granquitt, Me.

The Colombian cabinet resigned as the result of a disagreement with congress.

Swiss breweries are thriving, due to the prohibition of the export of beer from big German brewing centres.

Louise F. Mills, 24, fell to death at Lynn, Mass., while playing on the three-story piazza of her home.

Joseph F. Day of Lynn, Mass., petitioned into bankruptcy, filed schedules revealing liabilities of \$45,127.

Stewart Paulsen, 10, was drowned in the Merrimack river at Salisbury, Mass.

Two pet parrots were chloroformed and buried with Mrs. Anna Furst, wife of a retired sea captain, at New York. This was her dying request.

Mrs. Racellot, 70, bishop of Poughkeepsie, died at Montreal after a long illness.

Senator Penrose declared he doesn't believe any Republican in the country is a candidate for president.

Henry Gardner, 30, was found dead in his room at Boston with the gas turned on.

A new synagogue, which, when completed, will cost \$40,000, will be erected by the Jewish people of Haverre, Mass.

William P. Hennessey, 16, was struck and killed at Boston by an automobile.

At a special election at Bath, Me., the city voted in favor of municipal ownership of the city's water works.

The schooner Florence M. Penley of Bath, Me., Rio de Janeiro to Baltimore, was abandoned in a gale on the coast of Cuba.

Timothy Donohue, 49, died at Boston of injuries received from a fall down an elevator well.

Lawyers and Liars.

The eminent cross examiners of New York city have their favorite methods of knowing when a witness is telling the truth or lying. One lawyer says he can tell when a witness is lying by the movement of the lips. Another declares the hands form the best barometer, and another declares the twitching of the muscles of the cheeks is a sure sign that the witness has been trapped in a lie. Still another disciple of Blackstone says that facial expression always helps him, as well as watching the feet, which are usually shifted uneasily when the lie is apparent. Then another declares that by keeping constant vigilance on the eyes of the witness he knows when he has his man "going." If taken as complete formula it would mean that a perjurer to escape detection would have to school his face to be impassive, keep his hands in his pockets, book his feet in the rounds of the witness chair and shut his eyes.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Expensive Outlook.

"My wife is named Hattie, and by Hattie, she wants a new hat every month."

"Gosh! Prospects look bad for me."

"How so?"

"I'm engaged to a girl named Ruby."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Half Mourning.

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're bright and jolly and the next depressed and sad."

"Well, I'm in half mourning; that's why."—Fliegende Blatter.

Kin and King.

Kings in the earliest days were merely the "fathers of families," and the word is derived from the same source as "kin."

An Artist's Criticism.

Falgoutre, the sculptor, told a capital story of Henner, the great artist, who although he lived in Paris all his life, never lost his Abolition peasant accent or his country manners. But Henner was a very keen critic and had a clever way of showing his dislike of windy enthusiasm. Falgoutre, whose talent as a sculptor is known all the world over, was very fond of painting, but he did not paint particularly well. One day Henner was in his studio, and Falgoutre showed him some of his pictures.

"What do you think of this one?" asked Falgoutre.

"Superb!" said Henner, with his Abolition accent. "Marvellous!"

"And this one?"

"Brochiteous!"

"And this one?"

"Supine!"

Then the old man picked up a little bust which his friend had just finished; "Ah!" he said. "Now, that's good!"

"I never painted after that," said Falgoutre.

Wellington's Coolness.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

802 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON.

Architect and Builder.

Plans and Estimates furnished on Application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile, Plaster Work executed with dispatch.

Shop 501 Mill St. Office 70 1/2 Main St. (Entrance 107 Church St.)

GET YOUR

ICE CREAM

-AT-

Koschny's.

230 & 232 THAMES STREET.

or at his

Branch Store, 16 Broadway

Cake, Ice Cream,

CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and PRICES BY THE DOZ.

MICHAEL P. MURPHY

Contractor

-AND-

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filing, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co.

TRUCKERS

15-AND-

General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking a Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carriage. Accompanying Telephone at Any and All No. PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 93 Bellevue Ave. BRANCH OFFICE, 112 Church St. New York freight truck. Telephone 71-2-F.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application to the City Engineer, 100 State St., New York. Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil

Mica Axle Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

Birds and Lightning.

Birds are sometimes struck by lightning. Darwin records the case of a wild duck that he saw struck by a bolt while flying. It was killed instantly and fell to the ground. But birds seem to know instinctively that lightning is to be feared. That perhaps is why they seek shelter in thunderstorms. The sudden disappearance of the birds is, indeed, in the country one of the surest signs of an approaching tempest.

Italics.

Italics are letters formed after the Roman model, but sloping toward the right, used to emphasize words or sentences. They were first used about 1500 A. D. by Manutius, a Venetian printer, who dedicated them to the Italian states; hence the name.

Just the Man.

First Artist—Well, old chap, how is business? Second Artist—Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his wife and children painted very badly. First Artist—Well, you're the very man to do that—

Her Belle!

Police Judge Simon Kahn, while addressing a political meeting one night last week, related the following incident in reference to telling the same tale over and over again, says the Newark Star.

"You all know," said the judge, "that fine speeches made at political meetings are all very near alike, but to get something different is the proper thing nowadays."

"It puts me in mind of a case of a woman who appeared before a certain magistrate and when asked her age said she was 81 years old. The judge looked at her and said: 'See here, madame, weren't you here before me five years ago, and didn't you tell me then that you were 80 years old?' The woman said that was so, and the judge asked her what she meant by coming before him and telling an untruth."

"The woman replied: 'Well you see, your honor, I'm one of those kind of women who do not believe in saying one thing once and another thing another time.'"

A Grateful Hub.

The subject of gratitude was being discussed in the lobby of a hotel the other night, when Congressman Samuel E. Winslow, of Massachusetts, told of an incident that happened in New England.

Not long since a weary looking hobo begged for something to eat at the back door of a suburban home and was given a whole mince pie. In less than two hours he was back at the same doorstep.

"Lady," said he, when the good housewife answered the timid knock, "would you be kind enough to give me the recipe for that mince pie what you handed me this morning?"

"For mercy's sake, ma'am!" exclaimed the astonished housewife, "what do you want that recipe for?"

"To settle a bet, lady," answered the hobo. "My partner says you use three cups of Portland cement to one of molasses, and I claim you use only two and a half."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Not His Funeral.

It was the kindly custom in the village for the well-to-do inhabitants to make good any loss which the villagers might sustain through the death of any live stock. The railroad manufacturer who had only recently settled in the village was ignorant of the laudable proceedings, and was considerably puzzled by the visit of a laborer's wife, who explained that she had lost a pig.

"Well, I ain't got it," explained the bewildered newcomer.

"What I mean, sir, is, of course the pig died," nervously explained the woman.

"Well, what you want me to do?" cried the thoroughly exasperated man. "Send a wreath?"

His Dad's Advice.

Little Johnny, who is of an inquiring turn, was having a quiet talk with his mother. Johnny wanted to know why Mr. Juggins married Mrs. Juggins. His mother wasn't able to tell very clearly. Johnny thought a while, and then asked:

"Mother, why did you marry my dad?"

"Johnny, I married your father because he saved me from drowning," replied his mother.

"I'll bet that's why dad's always tellin' me not to go in swimmin'," said Johnny.

Adapted to Circumstances.

"What kind of a letter did your husband write when he was away?"

"He started, 'My Precious Treasure,' and ended by sending 'love.'"

"How did you answer?"

"I started with 'My Precious Treasure,' and ended with 'Send me \$50.'"

—Stray Stories.

"Here's a scientist who says that the objects commonly regarded as lifeless really have feelings."

"I believe it. I heard a clarinet last night that sounded as if it was suffering horribly."—Washington Star.

Margaret—I think Mr. Baker could easily hypnotize people.

Katherine—Why do you think so?

Margaret—He often holds my hand till it falls asleep.—Pittsburgh Press.

Hoax—A freckled man never makes a successful criminal.

Joax—Why not?

Hoax—A fellow who freckles is easily spotted.—Philadelphia Record.

"Waiter, two fried eggs and a cup of coffee."

"Yes, sah. How will you have de eggs, blind or lookin' at you?"

Teacher—In the sentence I have just read, tongue is a noun. Why?

Observant Pupil—Because it is a part of speech.—Exchange.

Ned—Why do authors always speak of a smile creeping over the heroine's face?

Ed—Perhaps they're afraid that if it went any faster it might kick up a dust—powder dust.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Hortense—I can only be a sister to you, Alphonse.

Alphonse—Then give me back my presents.

Hortense—Why, Alphonse. Who ever heard of a sister doing so foolish a thing as that!—Judge.

"Why is the lily so baughty?" inquired the mushroom. "She barely needs to the rest of us."

"She is very proud," explained the ivy. "She regards you as an upstart!" and me as a climber."—Pittsburgh Post.

"Mrs. Golightly seems burdened with cares since she got her divorce."

"Yes; she has to see her children twice a week now."—Exchange.

"It's been a great year for the pessimists."

"In what way?"

"We've had rain almost every other day."—Detroit Free Press.

"They're dreadfully in love with each other."

"So?"

"Yes; they sat out on the front porch until after 11 o'clock last night, and the mosquitoes drove us in before 8."—Detroit Free Press.

A patient had to be fed on a daily diet of egg and port wine. When asked by the physician how he liked it, he replied: "It would be all right doctor if the egg was as new as the port and the port as old as the egg."—Boston Transcript.

All Sorts.

"It's remarkable how soon a man is forgotten after he's dead."

"I guess you never knew my wife's first husband."—Puck.

"I don't see how young Bentley can outstep all his bills."

"He doesn't; he outsteps the collector."—Louisville Herald.

Why live in the past? Why not forget it?

"The bill collectors won't let me."—Louisville Herald.

Willie Willis—What's a "neutral" point?

"Lapa Willis—it's the punching bag on which the bill collectors practice between rounds."—Puck.

"A Mohammedan is permitted by law to marry four wives."

"Yes, and the funny part of it is, some of 'em haven't got any more sense than to do it."—Exchange.

The New Parson—Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church twice every Sunday.

Tommy—Yes; I'm not old enough to stay away yet.—London Opinion.

"Jibway is what I call a mean man. He isn't fit to be a parent."

"What on earth has Jibway done?"

"He wears a padlock when he walks the floor at night with his twins, and the next morning he flaunts the figures in the face of his wife."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Ted—She wrote asking to break the engagement and I don't know what to do.

Ned—Send her a diplomatic reply that will keep the question open, and perhaps she'll change her mind.—Judge.

The best place to spend your vacation is some place you hear of after your vacation is over.

"So poor Maude arrived home from the parade quite ruffled."

"Yes, she got hummed in, saw it seems."—Boston Transcript.

A man's ear must be mighty acute to detect the still small voice of conscience when the megaphone of a temptation makes so much noise.—Philadelphia Record.

A man is pretty lucky when he is easily amused that his idea of a good time is to go into the country, put on a funny hat and have his picture taken.—Washington Star.

"All right behind there," called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice.

"Wait till I get my clothes on!" The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry on board.—Puck.

Man with Paper—Here's a preacher in Syracuse, N. Y., declares that the time will come when there will be no liars in the world.

Pessimist—Well, the world is due to end some time.—Canadian Courier.

The New Maid—If you please, mum, these flowers come for you when you was out, ain't I put 'em in here?

The Mistress—Good heavens, girl! What have you done? Why, that's my new hat!—London Sketch.

City Visitor—Your father is shelling corn late tonight.

Country Host—He ain't shelling corn; he's winding his Waterbury watch.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Professor at Agricultural School—What kinds of farming are there?

New Student—Extensive, intensive and pretentious.—Indianapolis Star.

She—No Jack, I fear we could never be happy; you know, I always want my own way in everything.

He—But, darling, you could go on wanting it after we are married.—Boston Transcript.

Dentist—Have you been anywhere else?

Collector—Why haven't you paid your gas bill?

Consumer—The light was so poor I could not read the bill.—California Pelican.

Jonas—That pretty girl over there mistook me for her brother once and gave me a kiss.

Jones (righteously)—As the kiss was not for me, I returned it.—Judge.

"Never too old to learn," said the hopeful man.

The motto has been revised," replied Miss Cayenne. "It now reads, 'Never too old to tango.'"—Washington Star.

Trivial Annoyances.

It is surprising how trivial are the annoyances which suffice to make some men miserable. A lump of soot falling on a man's linen, a beefsteak overdone, losing a railway train by forty seconds after running himself out of breath, a visit from a bore when he is overwhelmed with cares, the rasping of his nerves by a band organ when he is weary, inability to head-ache or trying to sleep; even the want of a pin or a shirt button flying off at an unlucky moment, as when he is dressing for a dinner party and has scant time in which to do it—all these are annoyances which sorely try a man's patience and chafe and vex many a person more than a serious misfortune. Alexander Smith goes so far as to say that if during thirty years all the annoyances connected with defuncting shirt buttons alone could be gathered into a mass and endured at once it would be misery equal to a public execution.—New York Telegram.

Water and Pure Water.

Pure water is nothing more or less than a chemical curiosity. Even when distilled it cannot rightly be considered perfectly pure. Mineral matter is the most common foreign substance found in "Adam's ale." This is largely owing to the fact that all water passed through rock and soil at some time or other. In moderate quantities these mineral salts are quite desirable, as they are particularly needed for our bones and muscles. When water is distilled these mineral substances become detached; hence distilled water is useless for drinking. But if more than a hundred grains of such salts as magnesium or sodium sulphate are contained in a gallon of water it should then be regarded as a mineral beverage rather than a good drinking material. The importance of water can be well realized when we consider that the very elasticity of our muscles, cartilages and tendons is due to the amount of water that these tissues contain.—Pearson's.

COALING WARSHIPS AT SEA

Sixty Tons of Fuel an Hour Whirls From Vessel to Vessel.

How the British vessels of war are coaled while sailing through heavy seas at a rate of twelve miles an hour without hindering their activities is any way a feat in the Manchester Guardian.

A collier packed to the hatches with coal gets into touch by wireless with a battleship whose bunkers need to be replenished. On sighting the vessel the supply ship maneuvers until it is within 400 feet of the battleship. The collier then dispatches a small boat that carries two cables. One end of each is attached to the masthead of the supply vessel. The lines pay out as the boat advances, and when it reaches the warship the sailors faster the cables to the stern of the ship on the port and starboard sides.

The two ships, therefore, travel in a straight line fastened together, whilst from the mast of the collier to the deck of the warship stretches a transport cable for carrying coal bags. Sacks of coal that weigh a ton are hoisted from the foot of the collier's mast to a platform at its head, below which there is a net to protect deck hands from falling pieces of coal. By means of wheels that run on the cable automatic winches force the load along the sloping transport line at a rate of 3,000 feet a minute. On reaching the deck of the battleship the load is automatically released, and the transport starts on its return journey.

By means of this apparatus sixty tons of coal can be carried every hour across the gap of water that separates the supply ship from the battleship. The great advantage is that both vessels can move at the rate of twelve knots an hour while the coaling goes on.

CURIOUS PENALTIES.

Some That Were Inflicted in the Early Days in New York.

When New York, or as it was then called, New Amsterdam, was under Dutch rule, some peculiar penalties were enacted. In 1612 a defendant in an action for slander was sentenced "to throw something in the box for the poor." In 1644 Thomas Cornel, a soldier, was tried for desertion and sentenced "to be conveyed to the place of execution, and there fastened to a stake and a bill fixed over his head, as an example to other evildoers."

In 1647 Jonas Jonassen, a soldier, for robbing hen roosts and killing a pig was ordered "to ride a wooden horse three days, from 2 p. m. to the conclusion of the parade, with a fifty pound weight tied to each foot." In 1648 an Englishman found guilty of a grave offense was pardoned on condition that he saw through for one year for the West India company.

In the time of the commonwealth, in England, drunkards at Newcastle-on-Tyne were sentenced to carry about a tub, with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through. In 1764 in Scotland, David Ley, for striking his father, was compelled to appear before the congregation at church, "in red dress and barefoot," with a paper above his head inscribed with large letters, "I hold the commandment of God, and dishonoring God in him."—Exchange.

Bookings Him Out.

Mr. Herbert Tree's will is well known among his friends, and they tell some very good stories about his funny remarks at rehearsals.

Once during the rehearsal of a certain play Mr. Herbert asked a very young and by no means brilliant actor who fancied himself greatly to "step back a little." The actor did so, and Tree went on rehearsing. A little later the famous manager repeated his request, and the youth obeyed again.

Shortly afterward Tree once more asked him to "step a little further back."

"But if I do," complained the youth, "I shall be completely out of the stage."

"Yes," answered Tree quietly, "that's right!"—London Globe.

Golf in Scotland.

In ancient times, when Scotland always had work for her soldiers to do, all young men were required to perfect themselves in archery. They preferred to play golf, and so serious a rival did the game become that it was for a time suppressed and made a capital offense. That curious law never has been repealed and may still be found on the statute book. There seems to be no record, however, of the law ever having been enforced.

Futile Aspiration.

"When I was a boy I thought I'd rather be a great baseball player than anything else in the world."

"Of course you have changed your mind."

"Not exactly. I have merely realized that there is no hope."—Washington Star.

Why the Bad Eye Escapes.

There is no ailment for a bad eye. Still, a lot of people never look as high as the eyes. They stop at the diamond in the scarfpin.—Irvin B. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

Wise Distribution.

"Is Jinks a careful business man?"

"Very. He never asks the same bank to discount his paper more than twice in the same week."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Cheerfulness Is Like Money Well Expended in Charity.

The more we disburse of it the greater our possessions.—Victor Hugo.

Rather.

"I don't believe the woman who has the next apartment to ours ever touches her parlor carpet."

"My dear, that's a sweeping arraignment!"—Baltimore American.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Homing Instinct of Bees.

In the fortnightly *Harvard Herald*, Fabre, the naturalist, tells a characteristic story about Darwin and himself. Darwin wished to explain the homing instinct of bees, and he induced Fabre to begin a series of experiments with that purpose in view. A regular plan of campaign was drawn up. Marked bees were placed in a dark box and were carried away from the hive in an opposite direction from that in which they were finally liberated. The box was repeatedly turned about, so that the inmates should lose all sense of direction. Every possible means was taken to render useless any known or conceivable method of obtaining their bearings. The bees were even placed within an induction coil in the effort to confuse them. The long and elaborate series of tests was without value, so far as getting any explanation of the homing power was concerned. In every case from 80 to 40 per cent of the bees found their way home without apparent trouble, no matter how confusing the trip away from home had been made.

Plant Leaves.

It is a fact that, to the casual observer, all trees look pretty much the same, in some respects at least. But if one looks carefully at the twigs of almost any tree, or, still better, at the young shoots of some rapidly growing plant, they are pretty certain to discover that no two leaves occupy the same position.

The fact is, however, that a leaf does not keep always in one position. Everybody knows that they will droop and stand erect again, and that some plants sleep at certain times of the day. A house plant, moreover, grows toward the light, and if the pots are turned about so that the leaves face away from the window, it takes, only a day or so for them to assume their old positions.

If now one looks carefully for the joints where this bending is done one can see at once that nearly all the leaves have two.—Exchange.

The Faithful Horse.

I don't know who wrote this (last to the horse, but I'd rather read it than Yest's dog speech):

"Here's to that bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the docility of a slave, the proud carriage of a king and the blind obedience of a soldier; the companion of the desert plain that turns the moist furrows in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant harvest, that furnishes the sport of kings, that with blinding eye and distended nostril fearlessly leads our greatest generals through carnage and ruin, whose blood forms one of the ingredients that go to make the ink in which all history is written and who finally, in black trappings, pulls the humbly of us to the newly sodden threshold of eternity."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Gilt Always Wins.

Gilt is the thing that counts. We all know young men who are hanging around waiting for father to slip out of his old shoes. As if a pair of old shoes ever made a man out of a loafer! Why, father's shoes are ten sizes too big for any man that thinks money somebody else has earned will make him a gentleman!

Gilt is what these young chaps need, whether they know it or not. The day will come when the only man the world will count worthy of its respect will be the man who does things, even if he is forced to shut his teeth hard to keep back the groan of pain.

Folks used to think that the only real soldier was the man who marched away to the sound of life and drum, to shoot and kill and destroy. It is not so.—B. L. Vincent in Farm Life.

Bulls and Bears.

The Stock Exchange use of the term "bull" is with reference to the animals pulling down. The bear pulls down prices; so in the other direction the bull tosses them up. Originally the expression was "a bearskin jobber," applied to a person who sold a bearskin before he had caught his bear. The bearskin jobber was a person who sold stocks which he did not own. Of course he was interested by the fact of his sale to have prices come down and schemed to pull them down. In that way he became called simply a bear without reference to the original proverb.—Philadelphia Press.

Prevention of the Flight of Birds.

To prevent birds from flying without the barbarous and injurious system sometimes of cutting their wings it will be found sufficient to tie together with a thread three or four of the largest feathers of one wing. This destroys the balance, the wings do not act symmetrically in the air, and flight is rendered impossible. Pigeons, etc., may be kept within bounds in this simple fashion.

Serious Affliction.

"Bilgins is always reading up on germs and worrying about his health."

"Yes. There's not much hope for him. Germs are bad enough if you get 'em in your system, but they're worse if you get 'em on your mind."—Washington Star.

The Roe.

The roe, a fabulous bird often referred to in the Arabian Nights, was believed to be of such enormous size and strength as to be able to carry even elephants in its talons.

Mrs. Winkler's shooting up of her children by millions of mothers for their children's health. It started at night and ended in a painful death. Teeth pulled out and a bottle of Mrs. Winkler's Shooting Up for Children's Health. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomach and Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cholera, Typhoid, Diphtheria, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is the most powerful and effective remedy for all these ailments. It is sold by all druggists and is guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 100.

A Glimpse of Lisbon.

Lisbon leaves the definite impression of a gay, bright capital, if not of a truly beautiful city. Beautiful it certainly is by nature, seated on its lofty hills overlooking the Tagus and interspersed everywhere with semitropical gardens and fountains, but its narrow houses are too rectangular, too lacking in imagination, to make anything but rather monotonous streets. Even the Praça do Comercio, though laid out upon a truly magnificent scale, fails to arouse enthusiasm.

This is the city's aspect to the casual visitor who devotes but a day or two to its sights. But to one who is willing to give it a week or more it holds many attractions.

The seeker for the picturesque will delight in the water front in the morning hours and in the fabled folk—the men in black bag caps and knee breeches; the women, barefoot, sitting out with basket on head to trot the city streets. These behaviors are the most picturesque of the Lisbon types, and most of them are really beautiful, the fine oval of their faces, their smooth complexion and lustrous, almost shaped eyes recalling the Spaniards and clearly bespeaking their oriental origin. — Ernest Poole in *Scattered*.

A Pensive Portrait of Carlyle.

He looked, I thought, like a prophet. His clothes were and caresses, for comfort, now shows the shaggy, unkempt gray tangle of hair; the long head, the long, almost featureless face of one who has fasted and suffered; the tyrannous overhanging cliff forehead; the firm, heavy mouth and only thrust challenging chin—the face of a fighter; force everywhere, brains and will dominant, strength redeemed by the deepest eyes, most human, beautifully by their piercing, inhuman, tender, gleaming, pathetic, too, for the lights were usually veiled in brooding sadness, broken often by a look of dumb despair and regret; a strong, sad face, the saddest face I ever studied—almost petrified, so to speak, in tearless misery as of one who had come to wreck by his own fault and was tortured by remorse—the worst that death not.—From "Contemporary Portraits," by Frank Harris.

Judged by Appearances.

In "Twenty Years of My Life" Douglas Haden recalls a story told at the Authors' club long ago by Mr. J. M. Barrie against himself and in broad Doric:

"I expect it was just a ben trovato, but it was none the less stunning. He apologized for being late. He had been to the wrong club. He had never been to the Authors' club before, he said (though he was a member of the committee), so he asked a policeman the way. From the way in which he pronounced the word the policeman thought he meant Arthur's, which was quite near the Authors' club when it was in its temporary premises in Park place. When he got there he found it a very grand place, he said. The club porter looked him up and down and said, 'The servants' entrance is round the corner.'"

Verdi and His Admirer.

Verdi was once traveling in the same railway carriage with General Tournon. They got into conversation, which soon turned on the subject of music, and the general, who did not know his companion, expressed enthusiastic preference for that of Italy. "I can hardly go so far with you," replied the other. "For me, art has no frontiers, and I give German music the preference over Italian."

"Indeed, sir," said the general testily, "for my part, I would give all the German operas in the world for one act of 'Rigoletto.'"

"You really must excuse me from following you any further on this ground," replied the composer, blushing a little. "I am Verdi."

The Historical Bluebeard.

Bluebeard was a historical personage whose name was Gilles de Retz. He was nicknamed "Barbe Bleue," from having a beard of a blue-black shade. Permeated by an Italian alchemist that his strength could be restored by bathing in the blood of infants, he had many children entrapped for this hideous purpose into his castle of Chambois, on the Loire, the ruins of which are still to be seen. At last the horrible suspicions of the country folk as to what was going on were proved, and the monster was burned at the stake at Nantes in 1440.

The Color of the Eye.

The color of the iris is not uniform in any eye. Some eyes have spots, others stripes, still others blotches of white, green, blue, yellow and black, and the eye takes its color from the predominance of one hue. An eye that is considered gray will often be composed of black and yellow. An eye that is thought to be brown will be very dark red with spots of yellow or blue.

Crossing the Strait.

Talking about funny topographical errors, the Christian Register recalls how once upon a time a clergyman, writing of his travels in that paper, was made to say that he

